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A SKETCH OF JOHN BRIGHT.

How He Lives in His Native Lancashire Home.

A TRUE BRITON IN APPEARANCE.

A Man of the People—His Carpet Factory—Secret of John Bright's Oratory—The Popularity of the Noted Personage.

LONDON, March 8.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—"What Lancashire thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow." This remarkable tribute to the strong common-sense of "Lancashire lads" and Manchester men, I heard Lord Salisbury pay to the assembled merchants in the Manchester for a generation inspired the progress of the English people. It need not be retold how he, with Cobden, created, championed, and concluded in triumph the crusade against the corn laws that starved the poor, nor how he stood almost alone in his grandeur of principle and eloquence as the protector against the popular Crimean war, nor how he led the battle of reform that was won in 1837. He was the pride of his native Lancashire, Manchester honored itself by electing him to parliament, his voice was the clarion call that could rouse the country to action or soothe it by exquisite melody. Yet Manchester rejected John Bright in a fit of bad temper in 1837, since when Birmingham has prized the distinction of calling him her M. P. And, Lancashire-like, Bright paid unfaithful Manchester back by keeping out of her way for nine long years. It was only when the great wave of agitation for reform arose in 1836 that he relented for the good of the cause, and agreed to make a speech. The memorable scene is never to be obliterated. More than a hundred thousand had held open-air meetings that afternoon. At night the Free Trade hall held two or three thousand more than its seating capacity—five thousand—and when Bright's noble figure was seen the pent up enthusiasm of those nine cold years burst out in torrents of cheering, found a vent in the singing over and over again of "Auld Lang Syne," while hard-visaged men were moved to tears. It was odd that his title of "Right Hon." was gained by his acceptance of a seat in Gladstone's cabinet, which made him, the opponent of the state church, a patron of forty-one church livings. He soon gave it up.

His home has always been in his own country, near his mills and among his friends, the working people. He is a typical "Lancashire lad" himself, plus a Quaker training and taste, which has smoothed down much of the rugged uncouthness characteristic of the species. Rochdale is a typical Lancashire town, irregular, up and down, more dirty than clean, its air penetrated with as rank a dialect as now remains in England. Near by, just across the wild moor that begins back of John Bright's house, is Tordmorden, whose people explain its queer design, as the "Tachda fowk" might say of their town. "God made the earth, but forgot Tordmorden 'cos it had gotten under his thumb." The Rochdale co-operative pioneers are the largest trading concern on that system in the world. Through one of its long make-like streets, out toward the moor, nest a large family of huge factories, we come to a plain, old-fashioned but stately red brick house, standing on a well-kept lawn, edged with flower-beds and shrubs. This is "One Ash," the home of John Bright, Quaker and

Man of the People. No showiness, yet unmistakable dignity; no trace of wealth display, yet there is a refinement in the surroundings which tells of highly cultivated taste. The home proclaims the man. A maid-servant opens the door, a favorite Scotch collie gives much more home-like welcome than a liveried footman, and the simple et ceteras that interest the visitor in the drawing-room are thoroughly in keeping with the unostentatious character of the host. Busts of Cobden, Channing, Mill, Gibbon, and engraved portraits of others of his eminent comrades in the old campaigns are the principal works of art. A handsome oaken cabinet holds a collection of the finest specimens of Staffordshire pottery and other manufactures, presented to Mr. Bright by the people of that country. His large correspondence finds him plenty of work with that fine small-hand pen which he so courteously and conscientiously wields.

He is simplicity itself in his habits. John Bright never was a society man. Since his widowhood he has done more reading. For several years he had a charming residence in Piccadilly, overlooking Green Park, with the leading people of title as his neighbors on either hand. His relations with his work-people are those of a conscientious employer, who pays market wages and expects a full tale of work. The local institute has benefitted considerably by Mr. Bright's gifts of books and his kindly interest in whatever helps the progress of the people. As carpet-maker, the firm of which John Bright is senior partner have a world-wide reputation, and have made an immense fortune. The business has been under the management of Mr. Benjamin Bright, and is now chiefly controlled by John Bright, Jr., of whom something may yet be heard in the political world, though he has not his father's eloquence. Mr. Jacob Bright, a younger brother, though now about sixty, is one of the members for Manchester, a weak man, obviously and politically, the champion of the woman's rights movement, which big brother John stoutly opposes.

Mr. Bright is always "proper" in dress. He does not wear the Quaker garb, though he attends "meeting," and occasionally preaches. You always find him in superfine black, headed in old-fashioned stand-up collar, black necktie, and a tall hat. But if you follow him away north to the banks of the Tweed, you will see him "dress the part" in honor of the lordly salmon he will soon persuade to accompany him home to dinner. John Bright is a stalwart fisherman, orthodox in extolling the rod and execrating the spear, and he will discourse more eloquently—and voraciously—upon the haunts and habits of the king of the fishes than any in the throng of his parliament brothers in the art, who love to gather round and hear of his hauls. This fishing hobby is John Bright's only vice, excepting his merciless slugging of his political foes. He drinks no intoxicants, I think he never began to try. I am not sure if he smokes, but I know he fumes, and that right heartily.

Hear him when he harangues the throng. Look at him as he marches to his place with an air imperial as that of a Roman emperor. Everyone, surely, knows by some photograph that iconic head, the profile of lofty forehead, the straight, clear-cut nose, the broad pointing mouth, the bold chin and strong neck, and the graceful flow of abundant white hair like a lion's mane. He is a typical Anglo-Saxon, a true Briton of the noblest mould. His majestic air strangely rivets the audience. The bell-like clearness and resonance of his voice give a charm as of poetry to his virile prose. Gladstone is, in another line, as fine an orator, but Bright has the gift of speaking our mother-tongue in its simple purity. Gladstone is a Latinist, and his long words run into long, involved sentences that are sometimes hard to follow in a long address. Bright knows no language but En-

glish, but of that he is by far the most perfect master among Englishmen. He once told us that he owed his unequalled command of the language to his preference for reading the Bible, Bunyan, Milton, and the English poets, down to last century. In those we have "a well of English undefiled," of which it were well if the young men of to-day would think more than they do. The beauty of Bright's speeches lies in their grand simplicity, not of thought but of construction and expression. I have heard him often, in the old days when a hundred thousand clamored for a word from his lips, in the great hall where his constituents crowded for his annual oration, and in the House of Commons. Wherever it may be, you listen to the same stately opening of the case, in which calm common-sense is lit up with humorous gleams as he shows the weak side of the adversary's statement. Then follows the plain presentation of the roof-facts, in his man-of-business vein. Every now and again there is some blunt exposure of some glaring inconsistency, which you never thought so important before, and when he sees and hears that his point has gone home, then fall the sledge-hammer blows of argument, demonstration, ridicule, scorn, which do more in one hour to demolish a wrong than the pleadings of other leaders accomplish in a month. I am not exaggerating. There has not been a great triumphant movement in England these forty years that has not ended with tributes of this kind being heaped upon Bright by all the other orators. When he has spent the volume of his stirring harangue in this torrent of denunciation, his gentler tones come back, and their music makes sweeter the pleading words he hopes will bring all men into rational mood and agreement. John Bright overflows with sympathy. It is this which won the hearts of the English people a generation ago. He could never have exposed a cause if his sympathy was not stirred. He has never made an after-dinner speech, nor cared for applause. He is, in truth, more akin to the prophets of old than to the modern people a generation ago. He could never have exposed a cause if his sympathy was not stirred. He has never made an after-dinner speech, nor cared for applause. He is, in truth, more akin to the prophets of old than to the modern people a generation ago.

Without evidence. The affair of the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. Evelyn Thorpe in New York Mercury. Two Americans, one long a resident of Paris, the second newly arrived, had been asked to be present at the civil marriage contract of a compatriot of theirs. This ceremony was taking place, according to the French law and usage, the evening prior to the religious ceremony. The lady whom Varley was marrying was, however, not a French woman. The elder of the two men now making their way in a cab toward the villa occupied by her had been answering a few questions put to him by the younger, a newly-fledged graduate of the New York medical college, as to Varley's bride.

"She's the widow of a very rich Spaniard, who died in the Philippines," said Castleton, who had a dry, taciturn face. "Is she handsome?" asked Moorhouse. "Ye-o-s. She is considered a great beauty?" "Young?" "Castleton paused. "She looks so." The villa was some distance out on the

Avenue de l'Imperatrice. Its appointments were all upon a scale of quiet magnificence. There could be no doubt as to the dead Spaniard's riches. Varley, however, was not marrying the woman for the sake of the possessions. He had of his own as much as she. Besides, he was as infatuatedly in love as a man can be.

"And no wonder, by Jove!" thought Moorhouse, who could not take his eyes off of the bride. "She's about the most superb-looking woman I've seen in my life!" There were not many people present. It was still quite early when Castleton and Moorhouse left the house. As they were doing so a footman presented a note to their hostess on a small silver salver. It seemed to be a rather consequential affair. She took it up with curious fingers.

"It looks like a begging letter." "If it was, the suppliant had timed his appeal well. Out of the plenitude of its own happiness there is little the heart will refuse. And the beautiful woman who stood smiling upon her departing guests with her betrothed by her side, with the diamonds flashing from her dazzling throat, and the light of many candles on her burnished hair, had upon her lips, her eyes, her brow, that seal of triumph, of fruition, of culmination, set on man or woman—alone in those rare moments of a very few lives when the apex, the pinnacle of success, seems to have been reached—when fate can give nothing more, nothing beyond. Moorhouse, who was keenly impressionable, caught the key-note of the situation at once.

"George! That woman is positively blinding! Arthur Varley's a lucky dog, and no mistake. She looks as though she adored him. Strange, and yet physiologically natural, too, that a magnificent woman like that, with an abounding vitality, should love a dreamy fellow, with an artistic temperament, like Arthur. They are negative and positive." "Oh, Arthur isn't weak," commented Castleton. "They make a handsome couple," he added.

"Oh, yes. Arthur has the dark, delicate, poetic type. It isn't very American. I don't know where he gets it from. But the bride's type—that is common, if you will. I don't think I ever saw a hair of that Titians color with so dark a complexion before. Its unique and startling." "Some Chilean women have it." They had left their cab at the Arc de Triomphe, and were walking down the Champs Elysees in the mild spring night. "And I once saw a girl in one of our own southern states with just that coloring," Castleton rejoined in a moment.

"Well, it's superb. But her eyebrows! Have you ever noticed Madame d'Arroyos' eyebrows, Castleton?" "The elder man gave a dry laugh. "I don't see how any one could avoid noticing them."

"It is their irregularity—one so straight and the other so extremely arched, which gives all that piquancy, that strange, inimitable quality, in the upper part of the face. I was some time finding it out. But the thing flashed upon me suddenly. It is a defect, of course, but it is a defect more fascinating than a charm. It is like a brown mole on a white neck—like Louise de la Vallier's lip." "Oh, you've lost your head," said Castleton coolly. They had stopped before a cafe. "Are you coming in with me? No? Well, I suppose I'll see you at the church to-morrow!" Arthur Varley and Madame d'Arroyos were married at the Madeleine. She had adopted the wedding dress in vogue for French widows of distinction and wore a long gown of white silk with a mantilla of black lace draped over her head and shoulders. A little stir ran through the crowd as she entered. The beautiful edifice was packed. She was intensely pale, but more strangely lovely than ever.

Once or twice while it progressed the bride had been observed to raise her handkerchief to her lips, as though in faintness. When she turned away from the altar with her husband she sank lifeless and had to be carried out in his arms.

It was a sensation. "Poor woman! Such an ordeal to go through!" "The church was so warm!" "The service was so long." "The shock she received this morning had something to do with her nerves, doubtless, too." "What shock?" "How! You don't know! Why, there was a man—a laborer—found dead just outside the garden of her villa—at the gate, you may say. Her servants found him. He had crawled under some bushes. He had an empty brandy bottle beside him. He had died suddenly during the night, apparently."

"Shocking! shocking!" "Shocking, indeed!" cried Moorhouse, who, with Castleton on the steps of the church, had gleaned these scraps of information from the environing chatter. "What a horrible occurrence to have taken place at a woman's very door on the morning of her wedding. No wonder the poor creature was unstrung. Well, what are you staring at?" "Nothing." Which was true. Nevertheless, the elder man had been looking intently straight before him over the heads of the surging throng.

"Moorhouse saw nothing further of his friend till the following day. Then he met him sauntering slowly over one of the bridges. "Where have you been?" he asked. "Talking with a detective. I know about the 'Victim' of the Avenue de l'Imperatrice." The papers had been printing all the known details of the affair under this heading.

"Well," he demanded Moorhouse. "Well, they've discovered nothing. And they're not likely to. I saw the 'victim,' by the way." "No! How on earth—" "Oh, one can always manage those things." Moorhouse expressed no further surprise. Castleton was an odd sort of fellow who passed his time much in ways of his own, and who, as a potential lawyer who never had practiced, however, might be supposed to have a sort of professional interest in such cases. He liked Paris, and latterly had spent several years at a stretch there. He knew it from end to end. "He was of the usual whisky-soaked pattern of tramp. I suppose?" suggested Moorhouse, referring to the victim, and without much interest in the matter. "I fancy he'd been drinking pretty freely lately," resumed Castleton non-committally. The affair soon gave place to a fresh excitement, and nothing having come to light which could lead to the detection of the criminal—an autopsy had proved the fact that the man had died of poison, though how administered, or when, was doubtful—the case of the "Victim of the Avenue de l'Imperatrice" sank into the oblivion which closes over many other undetected crimes.

Two years later found Castleton still in Paris. There he also one day ran against Moorhouse who, according to his own account, had been spending the interim in studying human nature in various parts of the continent before returning home to go to work.

"If you go on much longer you'll find that you will soon have no taste for studying anything else," remarked Castleton in his slyly characteristic way, when he had invited the younger man into his semi-artistic bachelor den and pushed a cedar-wood box toward him. "Take warning of me." Moorhouse laughed. "I find human nature studied socially very absorbing, for my part. And this refers directly to something I wanted to

see you about. You remember Arthur Varley's wife, of course?" Castleton looked up with interest. "She died last week at Nice." "Possibly? I saw nothing of it." "I attended her in her last illness. It was a curious case. I was called in very suddenly in the middle of the night. She had been thrown from her horse that day, while riding, and the shock, Arthur said, brought on a congestive chill, though she was not injured. I did not believe it could have that effect without prolonged mental strain preceding the fall. Arthur looked aghast when I suggested as much. Still, he ended by acknowledging that Mrs. Varley had seemed to have something in her mind for a long time. I did not think him looking well, either. Well, to be brief, her brain became affected, and she died a few days after in a raging delirium. And what form do you suppose her mania took? She imagined she had murdered that man who was couple I believe. The bridegroom, who was a colossal fellow, a animal, had just enough money in his pocket to pay for his license. The bride, I suspect, had no other trousseau or dowry than the clothes she wore on her back at the time. But, though the two could barely write their names, and were thus deficient in worldly goods, they went off as happy as lords. The incident was diverting, but I should not have remembered it if it had not been for the beauty of the girl, which fired my youthful imagination. It was not only beauty superlative in a degree, but most unusual in kind. She was as light and flexible as a panther. She had a mass of tawny hair, and when she was warm dived into a complexion which habitually accompanied black hair. Most singular of all, though, she had eyebrows unevenly marked; while one was straight and level the other, the left one, was as keenly arched as a circumflex accent."

"Of course I did not see my crackers again," Castleton resumed. "Three years ago, however, I met here in Paris the woman we have both since known as having the same peculiarity. The first time I saw Madame d'Arroyos—all Paris was talking about her—I was reminded of my beautiful young savage, who had gone out of my mind in the interval as completely as though she had never existed. Arthur Varley had already secured the entrance to the villa on the Avenue de l'Imperatrice and was making the running against all competitors, and I was frequently there with them. One day that a portrait of a lady was being discussed I ventured to make the remark that I had only once before seen her the incident I just told you. We were standing a little apart together. Castleton here suddenly leaned intently forward in his chair. "The change that swept over that woman's face I could not begin to describe to you. Some people might not have noticed it. I might not have under some circumstances. She had herself under control in a moment. To the last I am sure she never suspected for a instant that she had betrayed herself to me. But that one moment to me was like a flash of light on darkness. The belief, preposterous as it seemed at first, that the wild child of a country girl I had seen married years before, and this elegant woman of the world, were one and the same person, sprang up in me and re-

mained. And, after all, why so preposterous? How many clever adventures have done as much for themselves? What was the great Nelson's Lady Hamilton, originally, but a nursery maid? But what had become of the big six-foot husband of the present Madame d'Arroyos? And how had she drifted to the Philippines Islands? I set about obtaining such facts as I could in a quiet way. I discovered nothing much except that there had been an odd fellow by the name of Arroyos long resident in Manila, and that he died, leaving a large fortune. There the matter dropped. . . . Well, shortly after, Arthur Varley became engaged to Madame d'Arroyos. Then came the wedding. Do you remember the night before, a note that was handed to me as we were going away? Do you remember her nervousness, her fainting fit at the church? Do you remember meeting me the next day, when I told you I had been to see the body of the man found dead in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice? That man was no more French, from his appearance, than I am or you are. And, changed as he had become—older, coarsened with hard labor and bloated with drink—it was quite possible to trace in him the signs of some such physical conformation as that possessed by the young fellow whom I saw married down south to the beautiful girl with the eyebrows."

Moorhouse, who had followed the development of Castleton's thoughts with a sort of growing horror depicted on his face, here exclaimed: "Good heaven! you don't think—" "I think that she made way with him—yes," said Castleton, steadily. "But—"

"She may have thought he was dead. She probably did. He came back—at what moment? Think for an instant what it would have been for her to recognize him as her husband. No one knows how he had traced her. She had doubtless lost sight of him for years. Consider what it would be for a woman with ambition like that to fall from the height she had raised herself to. Moreover, and most of all, she loved Arthur Varley. She wanted him. She would not give him up. She probably acted with wonderful promptitude. To steal out to the man waiting in her grounds with that fatal bottle medicated with some such drug as is kept in many a medicine chest would be a very easy way of keeping him quiet for a while. She might tell him she would join him again in an hour. The fellow would drink the stuff—every drop of it, you may depend—and then he would tell no tales. By George, one must admit that it was artistic work."

Moorhouse shuddered. "But she was clever, devilish clever. A man I have since met, who had been long in the Philippines, remembered when she first came there under the protection of old Arroyos. She had probably run away from her husband long before. She used to say she was born in South America, of a Portuguese mother and American father. She spoke Spanish imperfectly, and as a matter of fact, English with a southern accent. But no one noticed that. 'Oh, yes; she was clever.'"

"Good God! And can nothing be done?" cried Moorhouse, excitedly. "Nothing," replied Castleton, in the incisive tones he had fallen into. Then, with a return of his habitual nonchalance: "Nothing. Nothing could be done then, nothing can be done now. There was no evidence."

"There is a floor walker in one of the large dry goods stores in this city who's great toes point toward each other in his friendly manner. 'What will you have, madam?' said he to an Irishwoman, who was looking hopelessly around. 'Callow! Walk this way.' 'Walk that way, is it! Sure, I'd have you know, sur, that my legs is not built that way, sur, and I couldn't walk that way if you'd give me the whole store, sur.'"

Claus Spreckels is sugar-coated, but not so sweet as the original Santa Claus.

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